The Times-Dispatch

DAILY—WEEKLY—SUNDAY.

Business Office.....916 E. Main Street
Manchester Bureau.....1103 Hull Street
Petersburg Bureau...109 N. Sycamore Street
Lynchburg Bureau.....215 Eighth Street

BY MAIL, POSTAGE PAID.	One Year.	Six Mos.	Three Mos.	One Mo
Daily with Sunday.....	$6.00	$3.00	$1.50	.55
Daily without Sunday...	4.00	2.00	1.00	.35
Sunday edition only.....	2.00	1.00	.50	.25
Weekly (Wednesday)....	1.00	.50	.25	...

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in Richmond (and suburbs), Manchester and Petersburg—

	One Week
Daily with Sunday.....	14 cents
Daily without Sunday.....	10 cents
Sunday only.....	5 cents

Entered January 27, 1903, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

SUNDAY, MARCH 20, 1910.

A CASE, NOT A TYPE.

A few years ago when newspaper men were nosing about for sensational stories they always went to the University of Chicago, and they never went in vain. Some professor or assistant professor—it did not matter much who, so his name would pass—would always give out a sensational interview to herald some new discovery or overthrow some public idol. Times have changed, and the University of Chicago professors have learned better; but the reporters have found their successors in the pulpit. Scarcely a day passes but that some preacher or other comes forward with a full-blown sensation ready for the press and waiting for the people. These men are not representative of their class, but all of them come from the North or from the West and we are glad of it. We do not like to think that in the South any minister who has the fear of God in his heart and the welfare of his people in mind will vaunt himself in overthrowing people's images or in exploiting his own discoveries.

The latest comes from New York, where a clergyman told the Federation of Church Clubs that courtesy is going out of favor. Thus he sagely says: "The respect for gray hairs, the gentle courtesy toward women, and the tenderness towards children once so prevalent now seem to be forgotten." In other words, according to this cleric, we are ceasing to revere those things that are worth revering and are giving ourselves up as a nation to the love of glory and of gold. We have sheathed the sword of chivalry and have taken off the garment of courtesy. Every man is thinking now of what he can do for himself and not of what he can do for those about him.

This is cheap talk. It is the view of a man who looks not at the world as a whole, but at that particular world in which he lives, but of which he sees little and knows less. Chivalry is not dead, even if Burk did chisel its epitaph in immortal periods a century or more ago. Courtesy is not a lost grace and kindness a forgotten charity.

The world may not be all it should be or all that it will be, but the world is not all reckless, rude and riotous. To be sure, within the sacred confines of Manhattan, where this preacher lives, some thousands of men may have so forgotten the better things of life that they have given to the world a false impression of man's better self, but down here in God's country all of the people are courteous. Even in the North there are millions and millions of men who know "that he is gentil that doth gentil dedis."

The preacher is wrong, and wrong because he takes a few scattered cases for a type of mankind. He is wrong because he counts not on the best of man, but on the worst, and wrong because he puts a little ill against a mass of good.

A LIFE: $800.

Smoke rises no longer from the mine-shaft at Cherry. The black, damp cavern has given up its dead. The little mining town has returned to its daily routine of work and play. The people are trying to forget the awful catastrophe of the winter and are even venturing back into the mine which claimed its hundreds of victims.

The last act in the tragedy has been played. Shrewd attorneys for the mining corporation have been around among the families which suffered by the accident, and have settled out of court the claims against the company. With ill-concealed satisfaction, these lawyers announce that they have settled many claims for $800, and expect to pay no more than $1,800 in any case. For every check returned paid, and for every quit-claim filed in the vault of the company, there is a saving to the mine owners.

This fixes the new standard for human life; $800 is the price of a man who risks his life in the depths of the mine, and leaves a wife and children in the sunshine above the shaft; $800 is the price for the anguish of the explosion, hundreds of feet away from the earth's surface,—for the mad, wild fight against oncoming death, for the last gasp in a stifling air, for the tears and sorrow and the hopeless attempts at rescue, for the wail of the orphan and for the sobs of the heart-broken wife.

Perhaps some of the women who received these checks are satisfied. They are ignorant folk and speak no English. They had never seen more than their passage money to America or the week's pay which the swarthy father used to bring home when the whistle blew on Saturday. Some of these women think, perhaps, that this sum will be a fortune for them and for their children, a competency for life and a solace for old age. Their awakenment will not come until the sheriff levies on the kitchen stove, and the instalment man hauls off the bed-room furniture. Then they will find their little bank-account vanished, their children hungry, and no husbands to protect them in a strange land.

We say that we hold life cheap here in America, where millions strive for the mastery, and this proves it. If life is worth the living it is worth more than the pittance the company gave these widows, and if men are worth the saving, they should not be sacrificed for such a price.

A POET BORN.

Every good man loves poetry, but not every man knows good poetry when he reads it. Almost any man, with an ear for sound, can tell that certain words, twisted together in some way or other, produce a pleasing sensation, but not every man can tell the difference between Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Brother Alfred Williams does not know the difference. We admire the zeal with which he has defended, in times past, the poetic claims of Andrew Jackson Andrews, but we have long felt that Alfred Williams was biased in favor of Andrew Jackson because the latter lived on Church Hill. With renewed regard for the editor's opinion of poets and their work, we would modestly suggest that we know good poetry ourselves when we see it. We have been fortunate, too, in discovering more than once poets whose merits appear to have been overlooked by others, and it has been our good fortune to hail as true poet, many a man whose verses generally died in the copy.

We have just now, through the agency of the Cincinnati Enquirer, fallen upon such a genius, whom we now hold up to the admiring gaze of the world in general and Brother Williams in particular. This new star in the galaxy of verse bears the name of Henry Clay Hodges—quaranty enough of wisdom and of euphony—and he is an astrologer by trade. He has a rare facility for philosophizing, however, and now and then dashes off a gem of pure verse. Here is his latest, which we welcome to a place on Dr. Eliot's bookshelf or in any other respectable company:

"It's many years ago, George,
Since I went to visit you,
And we thought we'd have some fun
By playing upon the mow."

Passing over a slight rheumatic movement in some of the measures, we challenge the country to excel this. With what simplicity he begins, and with what delicate touches he unfolds his pastoral lay! But in these lines the author is but baiting his audience. In the next stanzas he really shows his powers:

"While frolicking upon the hay, George,
I broke the cradle finger.
Then thought I'd start for home,
Fearing to longer linger.

"I started up the lane, George,
As fast as I could run,
For the broken cradle finger
Had ruined all our fun."

Could anything be more dignified than this? Could any catastrophe be chronicled in more chaste language or in more compact form? Could genius and art combine to produce a finer effect? In the next verse Henry is recalled. The story is continued in flowing phrases:

"As I reached the head of the lane, George,
I heard you call for my return,
Saying the broken cradle finger
Had caused not a single harm.

"But nothing you could say, George,
Would allay my nervous fears;
I felt if I went back
I might lose both my ears."

We observe here both heroism and pathos. George, forgetting self, puts Henry at his ease, and Henry, childlike in his innocence, fears the worst if he returns to the seat of his former joys. The reader is now on tip-toe. Manifestly the master-hand will finish his lay with a broad, strong stroke. (Henry Clay does not deceive us:

"Weeks after this, George,
I was pleasantly told,
Had I remained longer,
Friend Pearl would not have scold."

Terse and elegant indeed is this, with a flavor of mystery, and a hidden meaning to make the reader pause until the significance of "Friend Pearl" is fully appreciated. The climax is reached, but the opportunity for a moral reference is not to be lost. Henry Clay soars high on the wings of philosophy as he ends his song in this wise:

"But times have greatly changed, George,
Since you and I were boys;
Those boyish pleasures now appear
Only effervescent toys.

"While our sight will grow dim, George,
As we approach the great unknown,
Still our abiding faith tells us
We will be known as we were known.

"So let us be cheerful, George,
The few years we have to stay,
Happy in the thought that we'll
Meet on a brighter day."

Words are superfluous. The reader is overpowered by the world of hope and of good cheer in the subtle reference to the future meeting of George and Henry where cradle fingers are not broken and young Henry will not be afraid.

We submit that this is poetry, unequaled even by the pet bard of Brother Williams. Our only regret is that Virginia cannot claim this plumed son of song. He comes from Indiana, we confess, where poets grow in every meadow and sing from every barnyard. We shall import him to Virginia.

THE BIBLE IN 100 PAGES.

Some preacher out in Ann Arbor, Michigan, has made a discovery. He is very proud of it, and has insisted on telling the papers all about it. In the fulness of his wisdom and the ripeness of his powers he has discovered that we have too much Bible, hence he has advocated the reduction of the old book to the brief compass of 100 pages. Within this space, he says, we can include enough of scripture for our use.

We say the preacher in question is proud of his discovery, and he doubtless is. We suppose he thinks that this show of superior knowledge on his part will rank him among the great reformers of his day, but we fear he is mistaken. We fear he will find that the people are more amused at his discovery than delighted, or, perhaps, it would be better to say that the people will be more amused at him than at his discovery. In this work-a-day world of average men and women some of us know very little about the Bible, and some of us use very little of what we know. Even at this, there are few men, good, bad or indifferent, who will not rise up in arms at any such plan as that proposed by this Western preacher. We may not read the Bible, all of us, but we love, revere and cherish the great old Book.

It would perhaps be possible to print in 100 pages all the great vital teachings of Scripture. They might be put in even less space. The Sermon on the Mount, the last few chapters of St. John's Gospel, St. Paul's charge to the Church at Corinth and a few other passages of the New Testament contain the letter and the application of that which Christ and His Disciples taught.

We suppose it would also be possible to digest the Old Testament and to print in about fifty pages of type the fundamental doctrines of the old Law, the Ten Commandments, the teachings of Moses, the most beautiful Psalms and the Messianic prophecies of Isaiah. From these the world might get enough of Scripture to live its daily life and to fight its daily fight.

This is not all of the Bible, the Western cleric to the contrary notwithstanding. Altogether apart from its Divine origin and ethical teaching, the Bible is a book of which not one leaf could be dropped without a great loss to the literature of our language. Where will one find such figures of speech, such reaches of imagination, such impassioned invective, such magnificent flights of oratory? Where is there such simplicity, such grandeur and such matchless poetic beauty? There is not a book from Chaucer to Ruskin that has exercised so great an influence upon our language or has done so much to mold it into strength, beauty and vigor.

The Western parson is a modest man. He merely says that such a revision of the Scriptures as he proposes should be made, and does not intimate that he would be the proper man to make it. Perhaps he expected that his friends would impose this task upon him. We hope they will. It would do him good to try it, though we must confess we should not care to read his revision after he made it. If he want a Bible of his own let him make it. The world wants the Book as it stands and will have it.

POE IN POOR COMPANY.

Edgar Allan Poe is at length to be admitted to a place among the immortals. The canonization is decided on. His admirers have made a close canvass of the directors of the New York Hall of Fame and have gained enough votes to secure him a tablet in the corridor with Mary Lyon. Great is the reward of the Southern poet; great is the tribute of the New York Solomons.

This is the tone of the New York Press in announcing that a new allotment of famous men are soon to be given places in that pet New York menagerie, the Hall of Fame. We are given to understand that there is something of condescension about it and that the South should feel much elated that her poet is to be immortalized.

To be perfectly frank with these generous friends, we beg to suggest that they might as well leave Poe out of their Hall of Fame. When they put in men of the first class to represent their political thought and leadership—such men as Webster, Franklin, Adams and Lincoln—we felt it right and proper when the directors of the Hall placed Washington, Lee, Marshall and Jefferson close beside the Northern leaders. But when Mary Lyon and Emma Willard—whoever they were—were put in before Poe, the South thought that a tone had been given the literary side of the Hall which would hardly make Poe a fitting addition. Much as it may pain the New Yorkers to know the truth, we confess that we have long thought Poe too good for even the Longfellow and the Whittier whose names grace the Hall of Fame, to say nothing of the lesser lights.

Poe is not to be measured by the same yard stick with those self-admiring poets who gathered in the porches around Harvard College and applauded each other's work. He was not made after the mould of the Boston poets and poetasters. He was made to have his place among the immortals of the world and he is to be measured in comparison with them. In the scale of international fame, where every man is balanced according to his real worth, Poe outweighs the entire wood of American song birds from old Frenceau down. He is known and revered where Longfellow has been forgotten, and he is loved and read in countries where the names of the other American poets have not been whispered even by a braggart traveler.

There is a reason for this late honor which the North plans to give Poe. The directors of the Association have finally fixed his title to genius. He was born in Boston, and should be remembered as such, not as the author of the best and truest poetry America has ever seen; or rather, he was born in Boston and therefore is to be remembered as a poet, fit to stand beside Mary Lyon and to be remembered in the same thought with the immortal Emma Willard. This is, in our judgment, all the more reason why he should be left out.

"BESIDE THE CROSS."

(Selected for The Times-Dispatch.)

"Jesus in the midst."—John xix. 18.

As we take our stand by that cross on Calvary, we gaze with reverent awe upon "Jesus in the midst." We shall never be able to gauge His bodily suffering, and still less may we enter into the awful depth of agony in His soul, while His Father's face was turned away from Him, when He made His soul an offering for the sin of the whole world.

Notice the company in which man placed the Christ of God! They placed Him between thieves and malefactors, as if he were the very archthief, the chief of all malefactors. Once before He was on the mount, and there with Him appeared Moses, the great law-giver, and Elijah, the prophet of Israel, and He was in the midst of that company of glorified saints. Turn to the fifth chapter of Revelation, and you will see where Heaven places our Lord. "In the midst of the throne stood a lamb, as it had been slain." All the hosts of heaven bend in adoration before that lamb, slain from the foundation of the world.

Jesus is in the midst to-day. He is the great central figure and manifestation of God's love and of God's power, as seen upon the cross of Calvary. He is in the midst of creation. He upholds all things by the word of His power. He is in the midst of the church. He has promised "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst."

He is the centre of His church as its head, as its heart, as its standard, as the mediator between guilty sinners and the God of Heaven. The Father so loved us that He gave His Son to die for us, and thus to bring us near to God. In the midst of all of our trials and temptations, He is near to help and comfort and sustain.

A naturalist tells a sweet, pathetic tragedy of a field of English gorse. Some one set it on fire, which swept on fast until it came to a linnet's nest. And there they found covering the little brood (which was saved from the sweeping storm of fire), a small black and blasted skeleton, which might have been a colored and winged songster under the blue sky had she not been "faithful unto death." Small but beautiful picture of the love of Him who gave Himself for us.

Where do you place Jesus to-day? Is He in the midst of your business, with all its trials and cares and strain? You need Him there to guide and uphold you. Is He in the midst of your home life, shedding love and kindness around, and sweetening the daily task and joys? Is He in the midst of your companionship? He stooped from heaven to earth in order to be your friend and to stay by your side. He became man that He might lay Himself down beside us, that we might feel the throbbing of His heart against our own, and hear Him whisper in our ear, "God is love."

By and by He will be in our midst—no longer as the uniting link, but in that last dread day standing as the judge between the righteous and the sinner.

What place will you give Him? By the memory of His great love and His sorrow, place Him in the midst of your heart to-day!

WHAT THE PAPERS THINK.

The Petersburg Index-Appeal does not take the Insurgent movement in Congress to mean much? In fact, the Index-Appeal might properly be classed as a thorough-going skeptic. It says:

"The Republican party is never so dangerous as when it is scared. Then it is that it sets about compromising its differences, pooling its issues and getting together on a platform of harmony and peace. The hope of the country lies in the strength of the protest which the independent voters may make against the perfidy of the Republican party in the pretended revision of the tariff. On a sane and sensible tariff plank in the Democratic platform and a nominee of the Cleveland type of Democracy, there is no reason to doubt that the Independents will cast their strength with the Democrats, and give the Republican leaders substantial cause for alarm. We do not now discover that there is occasion for alarm from that source, though we cherish the hope that the future may yet furnish it. We see nothing in the local and transient revolts against State and municipal grafting, or in the factional fight over the despotism practiced by the Speaker, under the sanction of the rules which he dictates, to encourage Democrats or to alarm Republicans."

We, too, might have hopes of Insurgent support, if—if—the Democrats would agree on the tariff question. But will they do it? As long as a few men put the interests of a few constituents above the welfare of the country and the integrity of the Democratic party, we fear that the party will not present a solid front on the tariff question. Until we do, we need hope nothing more than passing alliance with the Insurgents. Then, too, we might as well tell the truth: the Republicans may yield a point or two to win the Insurgents back into the ranks. Then where will we be?

The James River Clarion heard two good sermons last Sunday and proceeds to say so. Under a fine forty-point head, it talks about "Solid Gospel," and lauds a ministry of common sense. The Clarion becomes so much enthused on the subject that it takes the people of Arvonia to task for not going to church, and wonders why the pews are not full. We wondered the same thing, once, and decided that the reason was often in the pulpit. The best way to fill the pews is to fill the pulpit.

The Fredericksburg Free Lance is advocating a Civic Improvement League, in order to clean up the streets of the old Rappahannock town. It argues the question in all its aspects, and concludes that a cleaner town will be a better town in every way. We quite agree with the Free Lance, not only as to Fredericksburg, but as to every town and city in Virginia. First impressions mean much, and a town with its streets littered with trash and filthy with the accumulations of the week's mud hardly attracts strangers or invites capital. Last year there was a general movement in many of our cities to have a clean-up day, to rid the town of all its dirt and waste at one sweep. The plan worked well in many places and gave the towns such a spick-and-span appearance as they had not presented for years. There is a better way than to clean up one day, however, and that is to clean up every day. If a Civic Improvement League does this, it is a most valuable municipal asset.

Our friend, the Farmville Herald, is surprised that there are not more than half a dozen men in the country who are really competent to readjust and reform our tax laws. "This," it says, "is a confession of national poverty that strikes us with astonishment. Modern-day education must be a dismal failure." The trouble is not with the education. There are many men with sufficient theoretical education to draft a model tax law. The trouble is with the opportunity. Few men have ever had the chance to test, by practical work, how the theories of taxation fit in with conditions. The few men who have this experience are, in our judgment, the only men fitted to do the work, and the only men whom Virginia could trust and follow in giving us laws that would stand the test of time and of the courts.

Everybody remembers that Chase City had a severe spell of good roads fever last year. The people of that town boosted good roads and talked good roads and did almost everything but build good roads. If the Chase City Progress has its way, the citizens of Mecklenburg will get the roads before long and cease to travel in the mud. Here is what it says:

"If the present condition of the roads does not move the people of Mecklenburg to issue $100,000 of bonds and relocate, surface up and drain the public roads of the county, then it seems to us nothing ever will. This could be done with not a penny of additional taxes. It would, in the end, be nothing more than changing the use of the money, the method of applying it for road purposes. It seems to us a proposition so plain that it cannot be gainsaid. This cause needs nothing but the championship of some young leader who could by devoting himself to it pull our people out of the mud and win for himself a name that would live long in the years to come."

The Eastern Shore Herald, which keeps an eye on things this side of the bay as well as on the Eastern Shore, has this to say about the work of the Assembly:

"The Herald has commended the recent State Legislature on several occasions, and the spirit of economy and retrenchment displayed in most part was highly commendable. But why they should have sidestepped this straight and narrow path in order to vote higher salaries to several State officers, who were already paid amply, and when it would have been an easy matter to have found ready candidates for the place of any officeholder who happened to be dissatisfied with his pay, is past our understanding. Such, however, was the case, it is a regret to state, and such is the case all over the State. Wonder if anybody ever thinks of this when the taxes are to be paid? From the pleasure derived in paying higher taxes we much doubt it."

Our friend, in viewing the expenditures of the Assembly, must remember the temptations it had. If the Herald had seen the crowd of men hanging about the lobbies of the Capitol, seeking salary raises for themselves and for their friends, it would agree with us that the Assembly did fairly well. In fact, while the members of the Assembly are not to be praised for raising any salaries, they deserve all manner of praise for stopping where they did. We do not mind telling the Herald, in strict confidence, that it looked, late in the session, as if every State officer had stopped work to join in the general effort to get more money. The members who stood these officers off did nobly.

We are sorry to see that the propagada for a "sane" Fourth of July has begun. People will forget all about it before the time comes.

They really have concluded a Congressional investigation in Washington, but they are apologizing profusely for the accident.

In the absence of any other citizen on whom they could confer the title, the great State of Texas has made John W. Gates a Colonel.

The talk about Mars being inhabited by women only is nonsense. If it were the truth, we could hear the noise from here.

There is a "rising wave of democracy" in Spain, and as the wave is not true Southern in hue, we can recommend them a Certain Party to crest the wave and to cover the trough.

"Won in the Ninth," by our young friend Christy Mathewson, goes to show that a man has no excuse for thinking he can spread ink just because he can throw the spitball.

We have not seen the new Salome gown, but we expect it can be found on the streets of Houston every day. All sorts of queer things are down there.

A bacteriologist estimates that there are three times as many germs in a saucer of ice cream as in a kiss. All the more reason for the kiss.

There used to be a club of twelve poets in London. Two of them died from drink, one committed suicide and two became insane. This mortality does not include those innocent readers whom the poetry killed.

At a sale of illicit liquor in Chattanooga the other day, whiskey brought only one cent a quart. You need not carry coals to Newcastle, and you are foolish to try and sell liquor in a prohibition country. Everybody has an abundance.

If that Los Angeles man who has two ribs over and above his usual allotment could sell them, he could spare them.

Daily Queries and Answers

Address all communications for this column to Query Editor, Times-Dispatch. No mathematical problems will be solved, no coins or stamps valued and no dealers' names will be given.

Correct Usage.

Mr. A argues that a Tuxedo meets every requirement of evening dress. Mrs. A contends that it should never be worn outside of the wearer's own home. Please state the custom of this convenient hybrid of haberdashery.

A. L. C.

Good usage proscribes that the Tuxedo or dinner coat should be worn only at informal dinners or at an informal call after 6 o'clock. It does not take the place of full dress.

A Question of Debt.

Is there a law in Virginia to punish persons who get goods on approval and will not pay for or return them?

ANXIOUS.

Certainly; you can sue the person for debt as in the case of any other debt due. If the person secured the goods under false pretenses you can criminally prosecute him.

School Law.

1. If a school board employs teachers at a fixed salary for nine months to teach in a county school, and during the session a scare of scarlet fever prevails, whereupon the so-called health board orders the school closed indefinitely, is the school legally bound to pay the teachers for the time lost on account of the closing of the school?

2. What is the law regarding the closing of schools by health boards?

3. Do you think the school board is morally obligated to pay the teachers for loss caused by suspension of school?

X. Y. Z.

1. We think the school board is bound to pay the teachers for the time lost in this way.

2. Write to the State Health Commissioner, 110 Capitol Street, for a copy of the law. We think the board was within its rights in this matter.

3. In our judgment, yes.

"Adios Pero No Destedida."

Kindly publish the translation of "Adios pero no destedida."

A READER.

Good-by, but not forgotten.

Helen Gould, Etc.

"Please give me Miss Hellen Goul address also Ethel Rosenvelts."

G. S. H.

Miss Helen Gould's address is 557 Fifth Avenue, New York. Miss Roosevelt has no fixed address at present in this country.

The Crown in Battle.

According to history, Henry VII. was crowned on Bosworth Field immediately after the battle. Did Richard III. go to battle with his crown on, and, if not, how did the crown happen to be at Bosworth?

READER.

It is highly probably that this is a fiction. We never heard of a King who really went into a battle with the royal crown on. If any crown was worn by Gloster, it was probably made of iron or other gross metal, and was worn over his helmet.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont.

Please tell who Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont was before her marriage, and if she is a divorcee.

INTERESTED.

O. H. P. Belmont's first wife was Sarah Swanwhite. His second wife was Alva E. Smith, who was first wife of William K. Vanderbilt.

Notary Public's Age.

Is any qualification required by law to get a commission as notary public, and if an act legalized by a minor, commissioned as a notary public is impugnable or can be annulled?

A SUBSCRIBER.

The Constitution, section 32, fixes the age limit of a notary public at eighteen.

"In the Green Fields of Virginia."

Please print the poems, "In the Green Fields of Virginia," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia," and the authors of each.

READER.

We cannot print poems in this column. Our rule is that if any of our readers send us the poems which other readers request we will be glad to forward them upon receipt of a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Papers Published in the U. S., Etc.

1. Where can I get a list of the papers published in the United States?

2. Where can I get a map of Virginia with the public roads on it?

READER.

1. Ayer's American Newspaper Annual lists all these papers.

2. The United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, Washington, will furnish you, through your Congressman, with copies of these maps.

"See That My Grace Is Kept Green."

Please publish the following poems: "See That My Grave Is Kept Green," "I Am Nobody's Darling" and "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree."

A READER.

See the answer to "Reader" above.

A Sheep-Killing Dog.

Have I the right to kill a dog that kills my sheep? Also, have I the right to stop any one from hunting on my land?

FARMER.

If you know the dog killed your sheep, you have a right to kill him under the statute law of the State. If you post your land you can keep men from hunting on it.

MAUNY-TALVANDE FALLS FROM GRACE

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

DE MAUNY-TALVANDE, whose financial affairs are now engaging the attention of the English courts, will be remembered in this country as a drawing room lecturer, who, during his stay in America, picked up quite a little money by giving talks on French chateaux and chateau life. Rather good looking, he subsequently managed to secure the hand of Lady Mary Byng, who had been one of the maids of honor to the Queen, and who is a daughter of the late Earl of Strafford. It was said at the time that her marriage was largely due to her hostility to her father's marriage to the former Miss Cora Smith, of New Orleans, widow of Samuel Colgate, of New York. This was given, at any rate, as the explanation of Lady Mary's throwing herself away upon young De Mauny-Talvande, who had no birth, social position or fortune to speak of, whereas Lady Mary was very good looking, accomplished and popular, and might easily have made a far better match.

From the first they had a great deal of difficulty in making both ends meet; were in quite straitened circumstances, and eventually leased from the Marquis de Biencourt the historic Chateau of Azay le Rideau. De Mauny-Talvande thereupon attempted to start there an English boarding school, relying on his wife's relations, friends and acquaintances to help the scheme along, and describing the chateau in the circulars which he sent out as his ancestral home. Notwithstanding the attractions held out to English parents of having their boys acquire a knowledge of French in a grand old French chateau, under the care and auspices of an English earl's daughter who had been a maid of honor of Queen Victoria, the scheme came to grief; partly through the lack of pupils, and partly through troubles with the landlord, the Marquis de Biencourt, who complained of misrepresentation, and that he had never dreamt of renting out Azay le Rideau for a boarding school.

I may add that popular sentiment in France was altogether against the scheme, and that the Journal des Debats, which is the most careful and soberly written of all the Parisian newspapers, the French counterpart, indeed, in weight and influence of the London Times, assailed Mauny-Talvande as a "vulgaire marchand de soupe," which may be translated as a "hash-house Keeper," while the gentry and nobility of the district in which the chateau was situated subjected not only Mauny-Talvande, but also his wife, to the most severe ostracism. After that, Lady Mary and her French husband took up their residence in England, where he adopted the title of count, and lately they have been living in a small house near Salisbury, the count dabbling in ventures in London which have apparently brought him to grief.

Grave of Cortez.

Francis A. MacNutt, former American charge d'affaires at Madrid, has such a world-wide reputation as a writer on early Spanish-American history, and as the editor of the "Letters of Cortez," that it is surprising to find in his story of Cortez, and of the latter's conquest of Mexico, just published by Putnam's, a remark to the effect that mystery still exists with regard to the last resting place of the great conquistador, for whatever mystery there was has been dispelled by the recent discovery of the remains of Cortez in the Church of Jesus, at Mexico City, inclosed in a double casket of wood and of lead, richly adorned with beautifully chiseled silver mountings, the remains themselves being enveloped in the finest cambrics and the most costly laces, the skull being of altogether amazing smallness.

The remains were found in the immediate neighborhood of the high altar, on the gospel side of the latter, where they were replaced in 1827 by the clergy in charge of this church, founded by Cortez, at the instance of the Marquis del Valle de Oaxaca, the principal descendant of the conquistador, and the recognized chief of the latter's family. A record was made at the time of the interment, copies of which were retained by the chapter of the church and by the marquis. Those of the church seem to have been lost, while those of the marquis, which had been mislaid, were recovered by mere chance a year ago, and were of great assistance in determining the question of the locality of the tomb of Cortez, and in disproving the story according to which his body had been removed by his family to Europe, that is, to Palermo, at the time of the Mexican War of Independence, in the early part of the nineteenth century.

The wanderings of the great Spanish explorer did not terminate with his demise. He died, it may be recalled, in Spain, in 1547, at Castilleja de la Cuesta, and as he had expressed the desire to rest in the New World, his body was temporarily placed in the mausoleum of the Dukes of Medina Sidonia, whence it was removed several years afterwards, and conveyed across the Atlantic to Mexico, and entombed in the Church of San Francisco, at Taxacuzo. Fifty years later the remains were removed to the Church of San Francisco, in the City of Mexico, and again, about 180 years afterwards, namely, in 1794, the Spanish Viceroy, Revillagigedo, caused the remains to be removed to the Church of Jesus, and to be placed in a pyramidical mausoleum which he had constructed for their reception. In 1823, when the War of Independence was at its height, the Mexican populace announced its intention of destroying the tomb of Cortez, in whom the Mexicans professed to see the founder and representative of Spanish despotism and tyranny. The body, fortunately, was removed in time and hidden away by the clergy, and the mob had to content itself with wrecking the mausoleum and in burning the banner and the escutcheon with which it was adorned. The remains were concealed in the vaults of the church, and it was only after things had quieted down a little that they were secretly re-entombed; not in the former place, but near the high altar, beneath the floor, without anything on the latter to indicate the remains that lay below.

King Gustav Popular.

King Gustav of Sweden's recent illness, in connection with the operation for appendicitis to which he was subjected, has proved a perfect revelation, not only to himself, but also to his government; for it has demonstrated the very warm regard and sincere affection in which, despite all that has been said to the contrary, he is held by his subjects. During the two or three days in which his condition was critical the sorrow and profound concern were universal among all classes of the population at Stockholm; while, as soon as he began to mend, the rejoicings were general. Moreover, during the fortnight that followed the operation, the great square in front of the palace would be black with people at about the hour when the medical bulletins were issued, the crowd waiting, often by the hour, in the snow and rain, in order to learn of the condition of the King.

Until now, an impression had prevailed, not only abroad but even in Sweden itself, that King Gustav did not by a long way possess the same good will of his subjects as his gifted father. Gustav cannot boast of the good looks, of the splendid presence, of the wonderful talents, or of the fascinating manner of his predecessor on the throne. Yet in spite of all this, and of the fact that his reign has lasted but two years, he has already managed to secure a strong hold on the affection of the Swedes, who have learned to appreciate the fact that, although less brilliant than his father, he has plenty of very solid and sterling qualities, and a very deep sense of the obligations of his office and of his duty to the nation. King Gustav and his subjects will understand one another a great deal better from now on than heretofore, and a bond of sympathy has been established between them by his illness which cannot but strengthen the foundations of the Swedish throne.

(Copyright, 1910, by the Brentwood Company.)